To a portal hall built high and wide; The master was ill, the intruder in haste, "Not at home" to the call, though sent by Of terrors, who never has time to waste, Nor the intruder a welcome message to bring "Not ready," the master imploringly cried, "To face a life record," yet he had when he

Ever so many millions of dollars. Then passing on through a neighboring street The messenger knocked at another home, Where the inmates again were slow to greet

A caller who had so unwelcomely come, Where were carvings in marble and frescoer where works of old masters hung on the

Costly luces, fringes and curtains grouped Rich tapestries lay in parlors and halls; These the messenger beckened the maste

Knowing well that he had while pleading Ever so many millions of dollars, Tossed on a couch of anguish and pain,

Surrounded by all that the world could give A mortal pleaded to have back again.

His years to live over-prayed only to live; There were images hovering thick in the air, Mouthing curses of wronged ones loud and deep,
In gathering chorus, clamoring where
The stience of death fain vigits would keep,

While an anguished mortal this story told:
"For these all else was bartered and sold, Ever so many millions of dollars,' To a modest cot the messenger came, Where grief and vice had scarce been known. Calling for one of moderate fame, Whose gold was honestly all one's own; Where hearts had ne'er been known to bleed, No lives embittered, blighted, marred,

No earthly pilgrims visage-scarred To the summons bold—"The Last Earth." A "ready" response was more than worth

Ever so many millions of dollars. Millions of dollars wrongfully won. Millions of dollars, the wages of sin, When the reckoning comes at set of sun outweighed by the point of a pin Wrought from pure metal, from untarnished

gold,
Fashiened in honesty, justice and right.
While millions of dollars, where virtue is sold, May fall to outweigh a poor widow's mite; With nothing but money, in oblivion to sink Ever so many millions of dollars! Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

## A "CHIP."

How Jo Disposed of His Store and Land to a Corporation.

Jo Taliaferro's father was poor, his father had been poor before him, and his grandfather back of him again. It was in his great-grandfather's days and through his great-grandfather's hands that the money had slipped away from the family. Since then no one had had the energy to replace it. "It was too much trouble," said the Taliaferros, who pronounced their name "Tollyver." Jo's father did make a half-hearted

effort. He wandered from his home in Alabama up north somehow and ran away with old Snyder B. Simes' daughter and only child. Snyder B. Simes, lumber merchant.

was a Maine man who had made his pile himself and meant to keep it. He burned his daughter's letters unopened and made a new will. "If my money's to be spent in riotous

living I mean to spend it myself," he said, buttoning up his pockets.

Mrs. Taliaferro burst into tears when she first saw her new southern home; then she got up and put on an apron and began to clean the house. This she continued to do until the day of her death. She never learned to adjust herself to her surroundings, nor that it is sometimes a good woman's duty to ignore dirt. She washed, and scrubbed, and cleaned, and was finally swept out of this world on a sea of soapsuds-another martyr to the great god of cleanliness.

She left one little boy behind her, named Jo, to the care-or, more properly speaking, to the neglect-of his

"Do you see that man?" said the superintendent of the great Brookville glass works, which northern capital had lately planted in Brookville county, Ala., "do you see that man?"he was pointing out Jo's father. "Well, you will never see him doing any more than he is now. Nobody ever saw him work. He eats, drinks, clothes himself, has a roof over his head, and not a cent in his pocket. Now, how does he do it? And there are a dozen like him about here. I tell you the mysteries of Paris are nothing to the mysteries of Brookville."

And as we can never permit our minds to dwell on a subject without hearing from it again within twentyfour hours, that same day the superintendent received a letter from Jo.

The spelling was dubious and the handwriting shaky, but there was nothing shaky in the spirit of the composition.

"MISTER SUPERINTENDENT: I wud like a place in yor employ. Jo Ton. "P. 8.—Taliaferre is to long and quar." JO TOLLY.

The superintendent laughed as he tossed this evident result of anxious labor in the scrap basket. The next week be received a fac-simile of that letter minus the postscript, to which he accorded a similar treatment, but when he saw those same straggling characters on an envelope in his mail the third week he opened it with an amused curiosity:

"MISTER SUPERINTENDANT: I Wrot you 2 Let ters and hav no ansar. I wod like to be in yor employ, but I kant wait I mus git a job. Pleas sir anser and oblig. JO TOLLY."

The superintendent's hand with the paper in it hovered over the scrap basket. Then he drew it back. At his call a weak-kneed young man came in much do you hold your land at?" from the outer office.

"Have you room for another boy out inquired Jo, respectfully. there?" the superintendent asked. You have. Well, then, write to this applicant and tell him he may come on

For the first few weeks Jo Tolly was the business is growing, andlike a new-born puppy out in the world

with his eyes shut. "You must took about you, Tolly," said the head clerk. "Now, I started out with no money, no education, no his desk.

backing, and here I am, all by keeping my eyes peeled." The clerk with the weak knees struck

"Look at me," he said. "I have been a

show for it. big, innocent blue eyes from one to the | worth it to them." other and said nothing. He rarely "No sir," said Jo, meekly

man for fifteen years, and not a cent to it behooved him to walk carefully. Jo turned his long, ruddy face and a price," he said. "It wouldn't be

talked, and when he did, it was with a it ain't worth much to anybody but deliberate slowness which barely es- me.' caped a drawl.

But he pondered all that he heard in his heart, apparently; for gradually his puppydom fell from him and he became a satisfacto: y fixture in the office. The Brookville glass works were a close corporation. They had bought melted somewhat. up two thousand acres about the site selected for their works. Their laborers dwelt in their cottages built on their land; they bought from the company

But there was a Naboth's vineyard in the center of the settlement. The trouble was that old Col. Jay respected his ancestors, and refused to listen to any proposition regarding their sale; for the "vineyard" was a

store, and lived under laws of their di-

ectors' making.

family burying-ground this time. The superintendent vainly represented to him that the bones should be carefully removed.

"They are earth to earth by this time, sir," said Col. Jay, with stateliness. "When I se! that ground, sir, I sell them. So we will not mention it again, if you please, sir."

After that, the superintendent, who suspected a pistol in every Alabama pocket, did not care to open the subject "Ain't you ever goin' to sell, Col.

Tay?" asked Jo. He had paddled across the creek of me.' which separated the glass works from

his porch with him in the twilight.

"No, sir. Nor I ain't ever going to accommodate again neither. I told those Dixes they might bury their lit-Laid it right on great-grandaunt 'Liza. I went and told them they'd got to take that babby off. But it warn't

"And you ain't ever goin' to sell, Col.

Jay?" "Look here, Jo," said the colonel, testily, "how old are you? Eighteen years. Well, I guess you remember me as soon as you remember anything. Did you ever know me to change my mind? That ground ain't-ever-tobe-disturbed!

Jo turned his full blue eyes on the

"How about when you die, Col. Jay?" he asked in his most deliberate speech. The colonel was staggered and showed it.

"If I were you," Jo went on, now looking over the water, "I'd fix that while I was able. There's a whole acre there and there ain't but one end of it in graves. I'd sell it all under a deed that would make the man who bought it keep the grave end nice and clean, and the grass cut-and perhaps flowers."

Col. Jay rose from his chair. "Boy," he cried, "you're right! Why didn't I think of that?" Then his face fell suddenly.

"But who'd be fool enough to buy?" "I would," answered Jo, stolidly; "and if I don't pay you a hundred dollars | ent. for it in a year's time, you can take the ground back and all the improve-

What the improvements meant, the whole works soon knew.

"Jo Tolly's store" was the talk of the place. It was little more than a was," he gasped as he recovered. shanty, but the laborers soon learned than the company's handsome storehouse had on theirs.

"It ain't very pretty outside, but 1 tried to have it good in," said Jo, modestly, looking at the well-stocked walls. "I spent all my money there."

The money referred to was a small sum which he had gotten by auctioning off the worn-out roof which cov ered him, and the bit of land on which it stood. The rest of the tract had been sold almost to the very doorstep, long before.

There had been no one to interfere in his reinvestment, his father having this opportune time.

keep adding to your bank book. That's the way.' "Yes, sir," said Jo, submissively; but Glass Works company."

at the same time it was not his way, nor did he follow it. At first the Tolly store was only

open at night, and Jo waited on the ness grew a small boy kept store by day and was assistant to the proprietor at night.

"I shouldn't think you'd dare, Jo; J shouldn't indeed," said the weak-kneed clerk, who came to inspect his enterprise by stealth and after nightfall. 'Why, I wouldn't even like the chief to see me come in here. And how can you sleep right next to those graves?" "I like them," said Jo, showing the first sign of interest. "I'm getting real fond of them. I like Aunt 'Liza, and I feel like I knew Aunt Jane.

'Dear friends, repent: no more delay. Be always ready, night and day,

I feel just like she was saying it to me every time I read it." The head clerk-he of the "peeled

eyes"-also paid Jo a visit; but he came in by broad daylight and examined everything. He laughed a good deal, and looked

at Jo's placid face curiously. "You're bucking against a big

cern, my boy," he said. "I tell you you'll have to work like an ox and kick like a steer." Jo, smiling his rather stupid, slow smile, listened to each one and said

nothing. As yet the superintendent had sai nothing either, but that came. One day, as Jo was passing through

his office, he stopped him. "Tolly," he said, carelessly, "What do you think it's worth, sir?"

"Not much." "I've got my store built and paid for out of it," Jo went on, as though calculating aloud. "I've paid for my land,

"You take . week to think it over in," said the superintendent, hastily. superintendent's office and stood before

"Well, Tolly," said the superintendent, "what is it?" "It's ten thousand dollars," said Jo. When the superintendent had a little recovered he knew that he was a very

"The directors couldn't consider such

Thensit was that the superintendent gave Jo very clearly to understand that he considered him infringing on the rights of the company in whose service he was.

The boy looked so puzzled that he "You don't understand me." "No, sir," said Jo. "I thought I

owned the land." "So you do," said the superintendent, reassuringly, feeling now on sure ground; "but not for all purposes." "I thought I could put a saloon on it if I wanted to," said Jo in a depressed

The superintendent's hair almost stood on end. A grog-shop in the midst of his works! He could hardly conceal his

"Tolly," said he, sternly, "you must choose between the office and your shop. No man can serve two masters.' "Yes, sir. You are very kind, sir," said Jo, looking gratefully at him. "I was thinking my clerk wasn't doing as well as he might if I had my eye more

"And I assure you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, reporting to the board of directors, "when that boy left my office I did not know whether it

"Call the lad in," suggested one of the old man's house, and was sitting on the directors. "Let us see if we can make anything of him."

Jo came in at once on being sum moned. He did not even tarry to take off the apron which he wore in his

pleasant. I won't accommodate he entered. He faced the curious eyes cream. Add sait and pepper, and pour of the waiting board with a disarming over the potatoes.—Demorest Magazine. guilelessness. "Did you want me, sir?" he asked of

the superintendent, and the slow me

tion of his lips was almost foolish. But had those lips only been formed to say "ten thousand" they could not have repeated it more persistently when the question of barter was opened His slow-moving blue eyes looked with open, childish appeal into the assem-

bled faces. "I do think it's worth that to me sir, don't you?" he asked of the most urgent speaker; and that gentleman suddenly collapsed.

There was one director who took no part in the controversy. He sat in his chair rubbing his hands together and watching the scene from his keen, spare frame was shaken with silent laughter. As the door closed on Jo's N. Y. Times. retreating figure he gave way to spasms of alternate laughter and coughing.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" he chuckled, wiping his eyes, "to have that fool look on the outside of his head and all that horse sense on the inside!" "Then, sir, you think him playing a

game, do you?" asked the superintend-"Playing? He's played it! Hasn't he caught us in just the trap he started

The old man went off in another par oxysm of laughter. "What did you say the lad's name

"Jo Tolly," answered the disgusted that the shanty had goods of better superintendent," or rather, that's what whole eggs. Add to this three table-T-a-l-i-a-f-e-r-r-o." "Taliaferro - Joseph Taliaferro.

What was his father's name?" "Joseph, also, I believe." "It's him. As sure as my name's Snyder B. Simes it's him!" cried the old man, rising to his feet excitedly.

'Where's he gone? Where's he gone?' He rushed from the room, his thin legs wavering under him, followed by the bewildered superintendent. When they returned, Jo Tolly, divested of the flour and apron now, was with them. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Snyder B Simes, "allow me to present my grand-

performed the first graceful act in his son to you, formerly of the firm of worthless life by stepping out of it at 'Jo Tolly,' now full-fledged partner of the lumber firm of 'Snyder B. Simes & "Don't spend it all in shoestrings and Grandson.' The Tolly store is closed, rock candy, Tolly," the superintendent gentlemen. We-that is my partner had said. "Put it in bank and try to has decided that it is more advantageous for our present business to be on agreeable terms with this Brookville

Here Mr. Simes, shaking with laughter, broke down again.

"Oh, boys, ain't he a chip of the old block?" he cried. "What will you have, customers after hours, but as the busi- gentlemen? It's the firm's treat - so I am particularly careful about Margaret S. Briscoe, in Leslie's News-

> A BABY BY EXPRESS. A Five-Year-Old That Was Handled with

the Trunks. A matronly-looking lady conveying two children approached the ferry agent of the Morton special delivery, San Francisco, and handed him a check for one trunk and a gripsack. "Please deliver them to Mrs. Howes. No. 1,054 Golden Gate avenue.

The agent gave her a receipt. "By the way," added the lady, take this child along, too."

She pointed to a five-year-old infant toddling around. The agent looked surprised, but, being a man of business, he accepted the charge, and entered on his delivery bill: "One trunk, one grip, one little girl

to No. 1,054 Golden Gate avenue. Col-Little Miss Howes went off serenely

with the baggageman to make a voyage on what is known as the "pick up" trip. She was down in the wagon with the trunks and valises and evidently enjoyed the novel situation for a time. After stopping at a number of houses she became disgusted and demanded that she be permitted to share the driver's seat. She had her way, too, the driver pronouncing her the brightest and most talkative young thing" he'd ever seen. While waiting for the delivery wagon to go out on the night trip Miss Howes had a perfectly lovely time climbing around the express office and prying into everything. She was decidedly inquisitive, wanting to know just why verything was handled just the way it was. Once she got in the wrong vagon and was dug up from the midst of a pile of trunks, boxes and parcels On that day week Jo entered the of all descriptions. When the little tot was delivered to her mother two hours after being received at the ferry that "she good dame remarked that thought they'd never bring that child."

"I'm here, mamma," yelled Miss Howes. Then the mother receipted for "one trunk, one grip and one little sober, honest, industrious, God-fearing angry man, and at the same time that | girl," and the first baby ever delivered by express in the city was landed.

'She could go across the continent, that kid could," said the driver. "Smartest I ever saw."-San Francisco

UBEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE. -Air the house thoroughly every morning. Open opposite doors and if it is stormy.

from fading. -A remedy for creaking hinges is

-To test the quality of flour, squeeze the marks of the hand, creases of the palm, etc., are shown upon it, the betadhesive flour will be very gluey, duc-tile and elastic, and easily kneaded.-

Detroit Free Press. used for the bon-bons.

-Cheese Jellied-Grate three ounces and mustard; fill little cases, grate Company, Boston. cheese over the top, and set on ice to harden.-Boston Herald.

-American Potato Salad.-Cut cold potatoes in small slices. Put into a dish two raw eggs, seven tablespoonfuls tle babby there, and what did they do? shop, or to brush the flour from his of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter, and a half teaspoonful of mustard. Put These adjuncts helped to heighten the the dish into boiling water and stir unruddy innocence of his appearance as til the dressing is as thick as good

-Peach batter pudding may be made with one pint of milk, four well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Pare the peaches and cut in quarters, sprinkle them with sugar, and put in a baking dish till half full, then pour the batter over them and bake; cat with cream and sugar or any sweet sauce .- N. Y. World.

-The care of bronze ornaments becomes sometimes a little perplexing; it is, however, because of their previous want of care. Nothing should ever be applied to bronze in the way of preparations. Simple, careful dusting is all that is needed. To remove the purple tinge that sometimes comes, a little sweet oil may be gently rubbed upon deep-set eyes. Every now and then his the discolored portion, but as a rule the dusting will be found to be sufficient. -

-Red Dutch cabbage makes an excellent sour pickle prepared in this way: To every three quarts of chopped cabbage add a quart of green tomatoes and six onions chopped fine. Pack the mixture in layers of salt, put it under a press in a coarse bag, and drain it for twenty-four hours. Remove it from the bag, cover it with cold vinegar, add a cup of brown sugar to every quart of vinegar. Add also one red and wo green peppers chopped fine, and an ounce of white mustard seed to the three quarts of cabbage.-Boston Budget.

-A Delicious Soft Custard.-Beat together the yolks of two eggs and two onfuls of sugar, half a salt-spoonful of salt and three gills of milk. Pour the mixture into a double boiler (having the water in the under kettle boiling hot) and place on the fire. Stir all the time until the custard begins to thicken, which will be in about five minutes. Take from the hot water at once, and, placing the basin in a pan of cold water, stir until the custard is It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripcool. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of tion. It's purely vegetable and vanilla extract.—Ladies' Home Jour- perfectly harmless — a powerful

HOW SHE KEEPS WELL.

Some of the Devices of a Wise and Wary Little Typewriter. She is a brisk little typewriter in a down-town office. Her hours are long, and she is far from strong, yet she seems to stand her work much better than many more robust girls. The other day a woman asked her how she managed to keep so rosy and cheerful.

"Why, I think," she said, "the secre? of it is that I humor my little wants. I keep a regular storeroom of things in the office to coddle myself with. I find it is the trifles of life that tell on me, trifles. If it is winter time I keep a soft woolen cape to throw about my shoulders if I feel chilly. I wear thicksoled common-sense shoes in the street, but it takes too much vitality to wear them in the house all day, so I change them for slippers as soon as I reach my desk. I never take cold, for I am used to the change. If it is summer I keep a comfortable house waist to wear at my work instead of a tight-fitting

"I like to wear a nice dress, and I dislike to see the elbows look threadbare, so I wear some black silk sleeves that reach to the elbows. A black alpaca apron protects the front of my

"I am never worried if a sudden storm comes up, for it can not take me unprepared. I always keep a rubber cloak, umbrella, and rubbers on hand. It doesn't cost a great deal to buy the two sets, and I can't express the peace of mind it gives to have them ready.

"For toilet purposes I have a couple

of clean towels, comb, soap, nailbrush,

little mirror, and a whisk broom. Besides these, I have a bottle of witch hazel and a pot of vaseline for an accident. "One is always liable to tear or rip one's clothes, so I keep a little basket with thimble, needles, and several colors of thread, if I want to take a 'stitch

in time' and so save taking nine at

home at night. "There is one thing more, and don't you laugh at it. I have a wee alcohol lamp and a jar of beef extract. I get faint sometimes in the middle of the forenoon, and then it takes only a minute to make a cup of hot beef tea, and I am fresh and ready for work again.' "But where do you keep all these things-the workbasket and the beef extract and the looking glass?" asked

the woman. "There is a little closet in the office where I hang my coat and hat. I bought two iron brackets and coaxed the office boy to put up a shelf for me. cleaning the head of I hung my mirror on the inside of the door, put my traps on the shelf, and am 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' The closet is just big enough to hold a chair for me | membrane from addito sit on while I take off or put on my shoes. There was only a little forethought needed, and now I am altogether comfortable," the little typewriter added as she waved her parasol at a down-town car. -- Chicago Tribune. | able. Price 50 cents at Druggista or by mail. ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren Street New York.

Wide Awake for October

Has a pleasure in store for all young lovers of English literature in the form of a narrative by Miss C. H. Garland called "The Maidens of the Lakes" -A little borax put in water in which | (Dorothy Wordsworth, Edith Southey, searlet napkins and red-bordered tow- and Sara Coleridge), lovely girls, to els are to be washed, will prevent them | whom Wordsworth addressed his poem, "The Triad;" with portraits of the three girls, and other illustrations. "The mutton tallow rubbed on the joint. A Trouble Grandpa Nature had with the great many locks that refuse to do their Horse," by L. J. Bates, "Bee-Hunting," work are simply rusted and will be all by Rowland E. Robinson, and "A Joint right if carefully oiled. interesting Natural History articles. a handful of it in the hand. The clearer | "A Night with Russian Wolves," a bloodcurdling true story by Lieut.-Col. Thorndike, "Jessie's Chickens," a home-life ter is the flour. Dough made with this story by Hattie Tyng Griswold, "Edith's Guinea-Pig," a travel story by Esther George, and "Bronson Company (Limited)," another home-life story by J. H. -There are a variety of ways of Jamieson, are very entertaining. A serving bon-bons. Any pretty dish Moqui folk-tale of "The Genesis of may be used, or little silver trays with Earth and Moon," a Norse folk-tale of uall silver tongs, or a handsome des- "Why the Sea is Salt," the "Margaretsert spoon. A silver bowl is fashion- Patty Letter," the "Drawing of the cble for sweets; also the pretty fancy Child Figure" (Miss Rimmer's art-pabaskets found at confectioners may be per) are readable and instructive. Margaret Sydney's Peppers Serial is intensely interesting this month. "Men of Parmesan cheese, whip two table- and Things" is full of good original anspoonfuls of thick cream, and mix with ecdotes, and there are many readable a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in poems and enjoyable pictures, puzzles was as a fool or as having made a fool a small teacup of water; when stiff stir and the Children's Letter-Box. \$2.40 a in the cheese, season with pepper, salt year, 20 cents a number. D. Lothrop

-Since the ice age there is evidence in the fossil faunas and floras of marine deposits and peat bogs that northwestern Europe has experienced for some time a climate considerably warmer than that of the present day.

Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on September 29th, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of

For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or ddress any ticket agent.

"I want a drink" means one thing in the country and something else in town.—Gal veston News.

IF you are tired taking the large old fash-ioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them. Horses prefer to be stabled on the in stall ment plan.—Smith, Gray & Co.

Never fail to cure sick headache, often the very first dose. This is what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Eaten out of house and home-picule lunches.—Boston News.



A woman who can see She's the woman who gets well It's the woman who won't see and won't believe who has to suffer.

And it's needless. There's a medicine - a legitimate medicine that's made to stop woman's suffering and cure woman's ailments general, as well as uterine, tonio and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the whole system. For periodical pains, weak back, bearingdown sensations, nervous prostra tion, and all "female complaints,' it's a positive remedy. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep,

and restores health and strength. No other medicine for women is guaranteed, as this is. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. You pay only for the good you get. On these terms it's the cheapest.

But more than that, it's the best, Syrup

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these. because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack-a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and surethat it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Mrs. Jas.W. Kirk, Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply mi-It is simply mi-ulous. ter, and find it an in-valuable remedy. Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diph-

theria and the dangerous inflamma-

and smell.

tions of delicate throats and lungs. @ ELY'S CATARRH when applied into th HAY FEVER DE entarrhal virus, cau ing healthy secretion It allays inflamma ly beals the seres and restores sense of taste TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

The famous Butler County Fair, the largest county fair in the country, oc-curs at Hamilton October 5 to 9 inclusive. The program and display this year promises to excel all previous efforts. The C., H. & D. will sell excursion tickets from Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lima, Delphos, Wellston and all intermediate stations, to Hamilton and return, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 5 to 9, good returning until October 10 inclusive.

Butler County Fair.

No wonder highwaymen are so numerous in this country, when every schoolboy on declamation day is taught to "stand and and deliver."-Texas Siftings.

The Only One Ever Printed-Can You Find

There is a 3 inch display advertisemen There is a sinch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one aprearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Lock for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you hook, beautiful lithographs or return you book, beautiful lithographs or THE girl who has had a faithless lover should be sharper next time; she is a cut-

ass .-- Lowell Courier. Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, August 25 and Sept. 15 and 29, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Low Rates to principal cities and points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. For tickets and further information, the state of the s concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C. B. & Q. ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass, and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The hen that sets on a porcelain egg may not accomplish much, but she has onnest intentions.—Texas Siftings.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medi cine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The person who is chased by a bear has proof positive that trouble is a brewin'.—Lowell Courier.

SYRUP FIGO

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-tem effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50e and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will pro-cure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, M.Y.

IN 15 MINUTES.



I suffered severely with face neuralgia, but in 15 minutes after application of ST. JACOBS OIL was asleep; have not been troubled with it since. F. B. ADAMS, Perry, Mo.

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